The Wellesley Magazine

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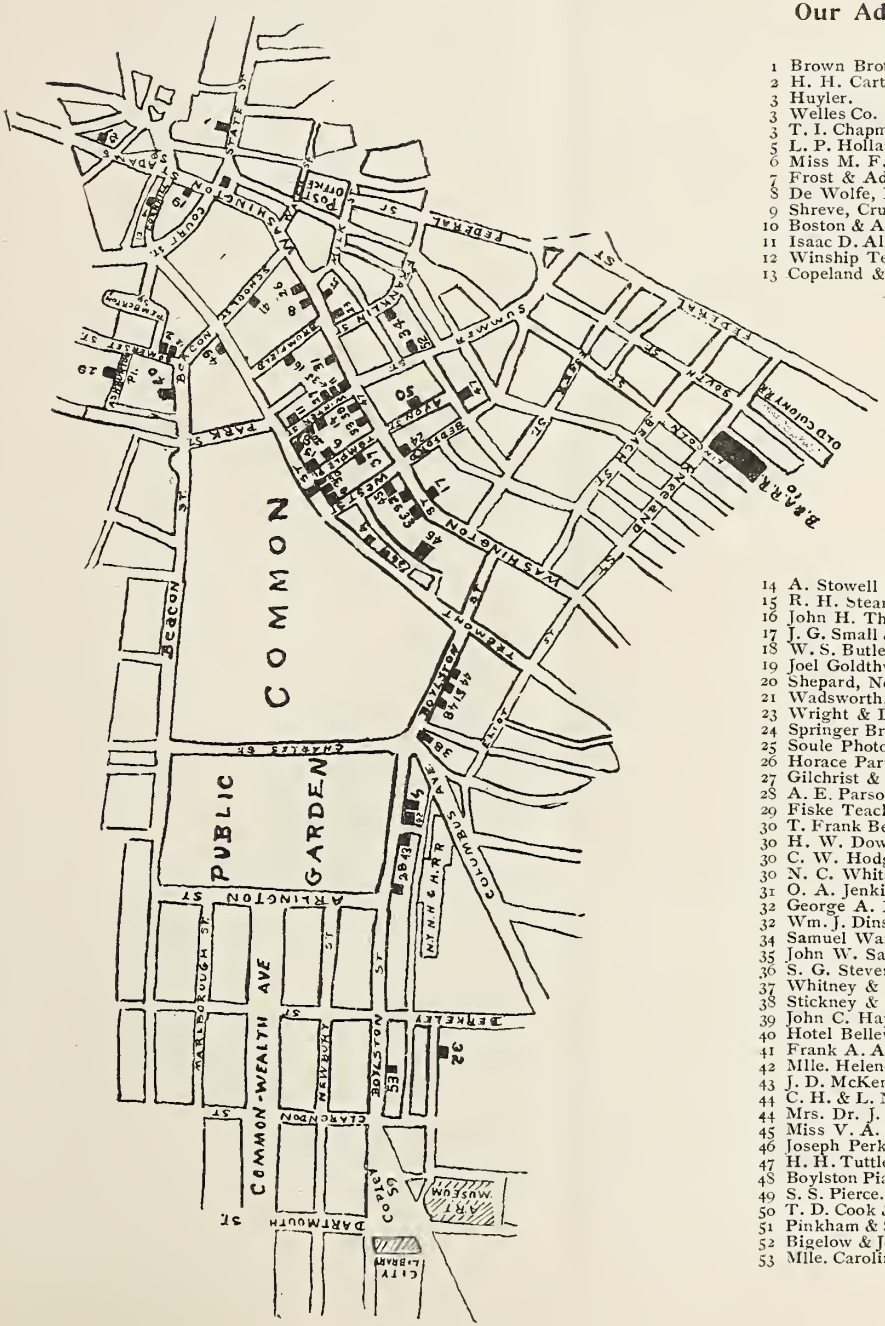

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JAMES OTIS, LAWYER, STATESMAN, AND PATRIOT.

[Abstract of lecture delivered by Henry Fowle Durant in Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of Feb. 1, 1860.]

MY task is to recall the memories of one of the illustrious dead, a lawyer who was the acknowledged leader of the bar, although he was rarely heard in any but a Boston courthouse; a patriot who from Faneuil Hall called his countrymen to defend their liberties; a statesman whose struggles and whose success were almost wholly confined to a provincial legislature in Massachusetts, but who, with this narrow circle only for his immediate audience, uttered those inspired thoughts and words which made a continent free and opened a new volume in the great history of the world. I seek to call back from the past those ancient days of doubt, and fear, and strife,—days of awakening light, days of the dawning of liberty,—which preceded our American Revolution, and to give a portrait of James Otis, the chief actor in those scenes. I desire to do this mainly for the reason that, although his name is honored and revered by those who have made the early history of

our revolution their study, and although some of the later historians give him his merited rank and station, yet owing to many circumstances, he has not that home in the hearts of his countrymen to which his great services and sacrifices entitle him, and his name is not the familiar household word which it would be if his unrewarded services were remembered and his life were better known.

It is as a patriot and a statesman that James Otis has these great claims upon the gratitude of his countrymen. The first scene of the great drama which terminated so fatally for him, so brilliantly for his countrymen, is near the close of the second French war. Never had the power of England seemed so great, never could a contest between her and her colonies have seemed so hopeless or so impossible. Never were the colonies more attached to Great Britain than then. The Colonial troops had fought side by side with the veterans of England. Shouting for the same king and charging under the same victorious banners, they had swept like a storm along the bloody plains of Abraham, and proud of their common success, proud of their unstained loyalty, they boasted themselves to be Britons.

The colonies, with a chivalric loyalty, had taxed themselves year after year to carry on England's war against the French; so extreme were these self-imposed burdens that at one time the taxes in Boston amounted to two thirds of the entire income of the real estate; and yet no sooner was the war in America ended by the capitulation of the Canadas, than a system of artful and insidious measures was instituted to extend the royal power, to levy new and illegal taxes, and to enslave the colonies.

The colony of Massachusetts Bay was selected as the scene of the first assault upon liberty, and it is difficult to conceive of laws more odious or unwise than the various acts of trade, enacted for many years, but hitherto allowed to sleep unexecuted. Under them, foreign commerce was impossible, for no imports of European manufacture were allowed, except from England and in English vessels. To compel the use of English broadcloths, the colonists were forbidden to sell their wool from one plantation to another; and if they made it into cloth they could not sell it abroad or in another colony. To compel the use of English tools, it was forbidden to erect furnaces for making steel, and if the colonists bought English iron they were not allowed to manufacture it into American nails. The application

for the writs of assistance, which would at once give the authority of the courts and, if disputed, the whole civil and military power of the colony and the crown to enforce these laws, opened the eyes of the alarmed colonists, who felt that this was the first blow of tyranny.

At this emergency James Otis stood forth to rule and sway the destinies of his countrymen. Until then he had been devoted to the laborious duties of his profession. His eloquence and learning had made him the acknowledged leader of the bar, and had secured to him its highest honors. He had been appointed Advocate General, and as such it was his official duty to argue in favor of these illegal acts, but he did not hesitate for a moment between his interest and his love of liberty, and he promptly resigned the very considerable salary and the high office, and volunteered to appear, without fee or reward, for his fellow citizens, and resist the application; and so in the month of February, 1761, the great cause came on.

The importance of that trial cannot easily be overstated, for historians concede that it was the spark that kindled the flame; that it was in that hour American independence was born. It was the cause of the people against the king, the cause of liberty, struggling in the iron hand of arbitrary power, and last, but greatest of all, it was the cause of the Puritans.

For the crown, the case was opened and argued by Mr. Gridley, an eminent lawyer of ripe attainments and genuine ability, who supported his cause with much research and learning. He was followed by Oxenbridge Thacher, who is said to have argued for the citizens with great ingenuity, although with moderation. But when James Otis came to speak the whole scene was changed. He grasped the great subject as a statesman and an orator, not as a barren debate of musty precedents, or of narrow construction of statutes, but as a vast question of the natural inalienable *rights of man*,—a question of the fundamental powers of government. His great nature was stirred to its very depths, and as he uttered the grand truths of freedom those solid walls floated away, that small audience became a people, and the inspired orator was pleading for the sacred cause of liberty, and the wide world was his audience.

That the writs demanded were wholly unconstitutional and illegal he proved with an affluence of learning and a force of reasoning that even prej-

udice could not resist, and to which there was no reply. The court would not pronounce before an audience which had heard the great argument of Otis, a decision which that argument had doomed in advance to contempt and derision, but they, without pronouncing any judgment or giving any reasons, issued their illegal writs of assistance. The decision was of no consequence; the great truths had been spoken which were to make a nation free. Of that argument scarcely a fragment remains. Some of the phrases indeed were remembered then and are remembered still, and the words "taxation without representation is but tyranny" were in every man's mouth.

This great cause of the "writs of assistance" was but the opening scene of Mr. Otis's career in public life. For ten years he was a member of the Colonial Legislature, where the battle of liberty was fought; he was the prophet and the preacher of a new creed, and with his voice and by his pen he won the battle of liberty in the hearts and brains of the once loyal colonists, and prepared the way for the Declaration of Independence and the battles of the Revolution.

Of his speeches in the Provincial Assembly, and his addresses to his countrymen in Faneuil Hall, we have few fragments even. The debates in the Legislature were with closed doors, until, late in his career, he moved and carried the vote for opening the debates to the public. But more ample traditions remain of his power as an orator, and of the astonishing effects of his eloquence. He was eminently an orator of action, in its widest and truest sense. His contemporaries speak of him as "a flame of fire," and repeat that phrase as if it were the only one which could express the intense passion of his eloquence, the electric flame which his genius kindled, the magical power which swayed the great popular assemblies with the irresistible sweep of the whirlwind.

This great man who might have been a leader, as he was a pioneer, of the Revolution, this patriot who might have been a soldier, this statesman who might have been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, this true patriot and statesman, was the first victim in the strife, the first to suffer because he dared to exercise the right of free speech. The British regiments had not been quartered in Boston for a twelvemonth when the first act of violence and brute force occurred. Mr. Otis had discovered that his

enemies had written to England accusing him of high treason. The discovery of these letters was announced in the newspapers, and Mr. Otis published a card denouncing the authors. The next evening he was summoned to go to the British Coffee House, on King Street (now State Street), and, unhappily, he went alone and unarmed. He found there John Robinson, commissioner of the customs, who was his bitter enemy, and many English officers of the army and navy. Mr. Robinson at once commenced an altercation, soon ending in a violent assault. Suddenly the lights were extinguished. What followed is not wholly known. The tumult was heard in the streets and a crowd was soon gathered. They stormed the doors, but the cowardly assailants had fled by a back passage, leaving the unhappy man stunned and bleeding upon the floor. He was not killed, but on his head was a dreadful wound, from the consequences of which he never recovered. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if his health were restored, but this was apparent only; it was soon evident that his faculties were impaired, and that this shock had unsettled his reason, and brought on a train of dangerous symptoms which ended at last in hopeless insanity.

His death was as strange as his life. It is said that during his insanity he more than once expressed the wild wish that he might die by lightning, and the wild wish was remembered long afterwards. His friends had provided a home for him in Andover and he lived there for some years in comparative tranquility. It was summer, the family were all assembled, driven to the shelter of the house by an approaching thunderstorm. The air was darkened by the gathering clouds; the whirlwind of dust and the rustling leaves fled before the wind; and then there was an awful lull in the brooding tempest. It was the moment of fearful stillness, which listens for God walking in the storm. Suddenly there came a terrible crash and a blinding glare of livid light in that darkened room. When they recovered from their terror they found that he had left them and gone his way. There was no sign upon his noble features, there was no mark upon his body, but he was dead. That beautiful soul, bound so long to a ruined form, which, like a shattered mirror, distorted its pure radiance into the false glitter and wild brilliance of insanity, had vanished with the lightning. He died, as he had lived, in a storm; he died, as he had lived, unlike his fellowmen; he died by the Providence of God, but his martyrdom by man had gone long before.

THE SPIRIT AND SCOPE OF GRADUATE STUDY.

The characteristic of graduate study is freedom, a freedom that has strict, inevitable, acknowledged laws. The freedom of the graduate should be the reward of careful, exact work in the undergraduate department; it should be the power won by systematic training and honest effort; it should mean the possession of a certain amount of enthusiasm and original thought. In order to make the independence of graduate work more assured and more worthy, the undergraduate needs, perhaps, a keener appreciation of the possibilities and purposes of undergraduate work, a more vital grasp of its significance. The only dictate of graduate to undergraduate work is, "Do your work with increasing thoroughness and coherence." As far as possible the preparation for graduate work ought to be a long and carefully developed process in which all effort and all thought bear on a definite, constant subject. The ideal state of things would be for each student to be born with a decided preference for one thing, and remain faithful to that first choice, doing all work with reference to it and making it her gospel. Lack of coordination makes graduate work useless. All study ought to be rational and progressive, not full of repetition.

When the student enters upon graduate work she has the advantage of previous discipline and acquirement, the more strict and serious her early work, the greater her self-command and the more successful her purpose. She has also the increasing intellectual capacity and thought stimulus that every year of life brings. For the student and thinker there is in any life friction, stimulus, and abundant energy. The problems of life pursue her, haunt her, perplex her, with a great desire to find some explanation of facts, some interpretation of existence, some solution of the many questions. For such vague theories, doubts, and questions, graduate study has a most suggestive answer, for it is the function of graduate study to condense all abstract speculation into specific investigation. If not the best time, at least a very good time, for one to do graduate work is when one is troubled and confused by many things, as one always is after graduation from college. One will get unexpected light on countless things whether one purposes to teach, or marry, or be a missionary. If one gets the ideals of scholarship and some notion of its sweep and meaning, one will always have a more rational

view of things, a more precise thought method, a more appreciative sense of the great intricate relations that bind together all people of all times.

The student needs first of all freedom, space, separateness, the opportunity of doing her work slowly, thoughtfully, without confusion. The necessary freedom is hers. There is no fiat in regard to her time, her plans, or her movements. She is individually responsible, subject to her own conscience and to her own ideals. There are no forces to compel her to adopt any views. She is receptive, waiting, tentative. She makes her own judgments, deduces her own laws, builds up her own system, criticises and condemns according to her own methods; but her one condition for doing all this is that her judgments be based on the most accurate and most penetrating examination of existing facts and theories. Her freedom is subservient to the law of scholarship.

And scholarship is the object and ideal of graduate study. Scholarship means breadth of view, a power of connecting things in one great system, a fine critical skill in tracing cause and effect; a synthetic, comprehensive, open state of mind. It involves readiness, prompt judgment, quick perception, and accuracy, definiteness, caution, prudence, and unfailing energy. Its aim is to get a coherent knowledge of fact, and a well-developed idea of the dependence of fact on law.

The method used in introducing the student to such scholarship aims at the development of the individual by a course of rigid application to one thing. The student chooses a single subject, one on which she has previously spent time and thought, and careful work. Upon that subject she concentrates her whole energy, giving it the closest and most minute study. Specific detailed work, exhaustive inspection of one thing, that is the purpose of graduate study, in order to learn method; for to know how to treat one subject thoroughly is to find laws for the treatment of many subjects. Perhaps the greater part of the student's labor is spent over a single period, or stage, or aspect of her subject. It is all specialization, condensation, compression, in order that one thing may be done perfectly as a type and suggestion for remaining things.

There is another side to this specific, special pursuit. As well as knowing the one aspect as a type of all aspects, the student sees the largeness of the single thing, its endless variety and suggestion. As illustration, take

the etymology of a single word. A student to be accurate and absolute in her judgment must know as far as it can be traced the history of the word's root, meaning, use, development. She must be familiar with the views of the authorities, English, French, and German. She must collect evidence from every side and make her decision from an intelligent comprehension of that evidence. In her search is involved, perhaps, the history of a civilization, the growth of a single letter, the laws of some consonantal or vocalic change, a familiarity with the literature in which the appointed word may be found.

To make clear the whole scheme of graduate work take the subject "English." The student, in investigating that special subject, regards it as one expression of the universal, as a type representative of all types. She chooses the English language and literature as the key to the realization of the life of the English people. In a study of the development of English literature, she traces language from its origins in some far-away people, up through the Pre-Germanic to the Old English, and from the Old English to our own speech; she traces the growth of the rude, vague utterances of the first speaking creatures into the beautiful and powerful expressions of modern English prose and poetry. Her work has a tremendous reach and demand. Remembering that without language literature is impossible, she sees that the development of language means parallel development of literature; she understands that they are indissolubly connected. Her problem is then to find what is in English literature. The German philologians have succeeded in making three divisions of the student's work. She deals with three things, first, the literature in itself, its form (including language) and its content; second, the literature in its historical setting; third, the literature in its philosophical relations. In following out these three divisions the student must make exhaustive study of literature, as bearing in itself the impress of the whole life of the English people. To have an adequate comprehension of the literature she must know the individual circumstances connected with each bit, as well as the general effects which have been produced by the historical, philosophical, and religious life of the world surrounding the single author. Her investigations carry the student into every department of human thought and knowledge, and the possibilities of her work are unlimited. She will go into many countries in search of influences forming

English literature. The requirement of being able to read French and German is distinctly valuable in tracing the foreign influences on English, for those are the two languages most influential. Moreover, one needs Italian if, for instance, one expects to know how much Chaucer was influenced by Boccaccio; and Spanish, if one wants to know the influence of the Spanish romantic drama on English. The French and German are absolutely indispensable,—one needs them for every period in English literature, either for immediate comparison or for history and criticism.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy, which requires three years of graduate study, means two things,—the careful investigation of the facts of a subject, arduous study and profound thought on that subject, and an idea of its infinite relations and exhaustivencss. More than that the degree means a larger conception of life.

This ideal, which graduate study always insists upon, is rather overwhelming. It presents an unlimited front. It is an intellectual ideal of perfection and completeness. It is an idcal full of suggestion and truth. One would not like to miss its inspiration.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, '96.

APRES NOUS LE DELUGE.

THE variety of age and rank considered, we are a most united family. We are often moved simultaneously by a common impulse, especially at luncheon-time. On many an occasion, one taste serves for all of us, as, for instance, when the Major has one orange left, or when the laundry hour draws near. It is precisely of this last indication of our single-thoughtedness that I am going to speak.

On Monday morning the family, with one notable exception, proceeds *en masse* to the lower regions,—lower regions being the term now used for a certain cluttered area marked, as to its atmosphere, by a mingled odor of boiled ham and burning linen. Speaking officially, Radamanthus swings wide the door at nine o'clock, and we troop down as eagerly as if "the air nimbly and sweetly recommended itself unto our gentle senses." Speaking Mosaically, an entrance can be effected much earlier. For Moses, law-giver as she is, respects no law herself. *Deis volentibus* or not, while the rest of

the family chants its matins, she betakes a stealthy way thither. Not that she has ever explained the how or the when, not that she has confessed in tears that *descensus Averno* proved all too easy for her. But we are sure, notwithstanding, of both the time and the method. She and the Major appropriate the entire apparatus before a certain other member of the family has gathered together her array of handkerchiefs from the couches, desks, and pockets of her friends. Far be it from me to produce the particular bit of evidence to prove this point.

As you may have gathered, Moses did not earn her title because she is meek, neither did she get it because she looked meek. We dubbed her one cool, dark night some months ago. (But that is quite another story.) Moses is small and of an unobtrusive muscle. But she has the hardest little arm and the most expressive foot in all creation. It was the Crank who found that out when she marched up to Moses and tried to remove her "gently but firmly" from her ill-got appliances. That vigorous creature, clutching her board with a lusty grip and springing backward against the enemy, stepped squarely upon the Crank's shoe. The latter sank down upon one of the three bottomless chairs. "There's language in her lip, her eye; nay—her foot speaks," she groaned.

You might fancy from this anecdote that it is the Crank's calling to run our domestic machinery. Far from it. She is in too much of a whirl on her own account, moving about upon the boards, if the Major and Moses let her have any, with great skill and agility. However, she does the family a good turn in one particular. She, and she alone, suppresses the Cardinal. The Cardinal is a facetious individual. The Crank does not think so. That is because she believes in a thoroughly different kind of facetiousness,—namely, her own. The Cardinal has a dreadful habit. She is addicted to the use of conundrums,—weak, impossible conundrums. The Crank said once that they were as stale as the top slice of bread. This witticism had the diabolical effect of "reminding" the Cardinal of an ancient gem. "Heard the story about the bread?" queried she, with great buoyancy. The Crank heaved a sigh. The Individual from Pennsylvania came to the rescue. "I haven't. Tell it to me." "Stale," shrieked the Cardinal in an agony of delight. "Oh, well, tell it anyway," says the Individual from Pennsylvania. And she is waiting yet. The Major, like the Individual, occasion-

ally says an encouraging word to the Cardinal, or tries to. The Major has one failing,—vocabulary. She has been with us only since September, but she has struggled with new and big words ever since. It was when the Cardinal had finished the effort related above that the Major turned politely to say "Haven't you any other pieces in your repository?" I think even the Individual from Pennsylvania saw that.

The Major would probably have wept at the laugh we raised if the Debtor hadn't entered just then with the morning mail. The Debtor is "within our midst" infrequently. That is because she does not like to join gatherings where every person is a reminder of value received and not paid for. She had a goodly number of letters. Three she turned over to the Major, who straightway forsook all and followed them. The Debtor distributed the rest, and then sat down on the chair that supported one end of the Major's ironing board. She looked quizzically at a handful of bills. "Don't need to open that. Can't be deceived on a Bailey superscription. Here's Christian Association dues, and here's the dear Class boat. That boat'll be the death of me yet."

A crack, a slide, a thud, and she is on the floor, the ironing board on her head. She clutches wildly for assistance, and grabs Minor's skirts, who comes tumbling after. The Major, the Cardinal, and Moses rush to the ruins. "Smoking ruins," observes the Crank, shaking the water from her hands. True enough. The Major's deserted iron has burned quite through her handkerchief. A tear gathers in the Major's gentle eye. "My seventh offense," she sobs, brokenly. The Debtor, extricated from the bottom of the heap, takes fire. "Think of me! Weep for me! I'll teach you to batter my skull and rob me of my legs and then hold a funeral service over a paltry handkerchief." The Debtor dips her hand into the Crank's tub, and flirts a handful of water "right in the lady's face." The attacked dashes for a dipper, and fills it from the faucet at Moses's tub. The Debtor creeps to the Cardinal, who stands enveloped in a cloud of steam. The Major's broadside includes her, the Crank, and the Individual from Pennsylvania. Make for the door, Major! Up, up, the steps! Behind the range, Debtor! There's H_2O to pay, and Neptune's roused again.

A. J. S., '99.

A VACATION CALL.

Have you ever been into the home of a poor family in a large city? No? Well, then, suppose you take a peep with me at such a home.

Two summers ago a little girl from an almost destitute family in the city spent a week with me. The story of that week would take much too long a time for me to tell now, so I shall pass over it. Since then I have not seen Annie,—for that is my little girl's name,—so I determined that this year I would take in the Christmas bundle myself. As Annie's address was somewhat uncertain, and partook of the nature of a variable, it seemed best to take with me my cousin Albert,—of whom Annie had been fond,—to help me decide where the present limit of this variable was. We hunted the whole length of "A" Street before we found our number, and even then our trials were not at an end, for we shivered and shook on the doorstep fully five minutes before any one came to reeeive us. At last a most dishevelled old woman opened the door and, on our asking for Mrs. Jones, scuttled down a flight of stairs without saying a word to us. We, however, took advantage of the open door and stepped inside. The house in which we found ourselves had once been a handsome plaee, but had deseended in the scale as the resident portion of the eity ehanged its center. (Remember that I am not taking you on a visit to a "slum" house, but merely to one of a very poor family. Indeed, the residents of this street wax indignant enough if it is ealled "the slums.")

The hall was fairly elean, but the air held the most peculiar odor compounded of all manner of smells. One, in partieular, predominated,—that of fat and fried food. Indeed, the whole plaee seemed impregnated with it, and I did not wonder when I remembered that Annie had not known either lamb or steak by sight, even; and had said that all the meat she ever had was fried ham or, oceasionally, some corned beef.

But I have kept you waiting for almost as long a time as Mrs. Jones detained us. After she had ealled down many blessings on our heads for eoming, eonversation lagged. I wondered why she did not take us down to her rooms while she stood looking at us. After repeated questioning on my part I diseovered that Albert was an insuperable objeetion in Mrs. Jones' eyes, for all the children were abed, as she herself was busy, and there they

were safely out of her way. Under such circumstances Albert could not be allowed down stairs, and poor Mrs. Jones did not know what to do. This was a problem very easy for me to solve, for I promptly left Albert sitting on the stairs and went down into what had once been the basement dining room of this house. Now it was partitioned into two rooms; the first was the kitchen, the next the bedroom and dining room. Dark, gloomy, and unpleasant the rooms were. The little kitchen was almost filled by the stove, bureau, table, and the sink. The last named was in the darkest corner and was not larger than a good-sized platter. But the next room was the sight! It was of medium size only, but in it one could find anything and everything. In the middle of the room stood the dining table, with dry bread and unsavory looking butter dangerously near the kerosene lamp. In one corner was a double bed, containing Annie and her two-year-old sister. Across the foot of this came another large bed with the two boys in it. Everything was in general confusion, and impressed upon me the fact which Mrs. Jones had been trying most vigorously to imprint on my mind; namely, that she had been very busy and had not had time in which to "tidy up."

When I came in there was a squeal and wriggle of delight from Annie and the boys at seeing "Miss Alice" with a bundle. Annie started to jump out of bed to meet me, but retreated rather precipitately under the clothes again when she remembered that her nightdress was nothing more than her undervest. After I had answered many questions, such as where had I been and where were all my family, and was I not married or engaged yet, I had finally a chance to ask some for myself. All that could be obtained from the boys was grunts, grins, and "yes, ma'ams."

As it was the day before Christmas we spoke of Santa Claus and his visit. "Jimmy" found his tongue then, and announced the fact that there was no "Santy Claus," but that it was his mother. When I objected on the score that the presents most certainly came down the chimney and that his mother was much too stout even to start at the top, much less to slide down to the ground floor by means of the chimney, this wise boy decided to meditate on this difficulty. I believe he determined finally that he had made a mistake and that my objection held.

Annie had a grievance which was caused by the fact that she could not

see "Mr. Albert." So she begged us to do our shopping and then come back again, when her mother would have the room and the children in order. I consented, and went upstairs to find Albert sitting on the stairs as I had left him, with this difference, that he was almost frozen and looked the picture of despair,—waiting for me while I visited did not appeal to him.

We finished our shopping and hurried back to "A" Street. I must confess that the red and white candy canes up-town fascinated us so much that we had to buy four, and it seemed wise to procure a stock of other candy.

We had no sooner rung the bell this time than we heard Annie running up stairs and we were escorted in state into her house. At this second visit the children were up, the beds made, and the room in order. Now we could plainly see that we were not in "the slums," for Mrs. Jones had things clean and knew what order meant. We had been seated about five minutes when we were urged to have some cake and tea. I, thinking of the very dark corner of the kitchen in which the sink was and of the doubtful cleanliness of the dishes, refused; but such a disappointed look came over Mrs. Jones's face that I reconsidered hastily and said we would be delighted. Now, both Albert and I loathe tea, and would drink it of our own accord just as soon as we would take a concoction of wormwood. When the cake appeared our hearts sank. It was a baker's mixture of the worst kind—yellow as gold, spotted with raisins. I suppose they were put in to relieve the monotony of the vivid yellow. Albert and I arranged that he should do duty to the cake, while I attended to the tea. I nearly laughed out loud when they brought him a huge cup full of tea and me a most gorgeous pink cup containing very little tea. I cannot describe the cake any more fully than by saying that I never want to experience similar sensations to those that I had while eating it. But the tea! Black as ink, more bitter than any medicine it was, and when the blue milk had been added to it the resulting color was, to put it mildly, queer. Between us we ate three pieces of cake and drank three cups of tea. Then we ran for the train, and wondered how much poison we had taken into our systems, or how many germs we had swallowed.

The pleasure that Mrs. Jones and Annie had had more than repaid us. It was pitiful to think that what had cost us so little time and money could

give such an amount of pleasure. If you could have seen the white faces of the children and heard the mother thank us for having given her little girl one bright week in her life. Or, if you could have heard Annie say, "Oh, Miss Alice, the city is terrible. It don't seem as if I could stand the noise and horrid people. But didn't I have the grand time in Sheffield!" Poor Annie! She thinks all people in Sheffield are good because those whom she met were so kind to her. Even her hard city life has not taken away her trust in people.

We left candy enough to make the entire family ill, but we are soothing our consciences now by the knowledge that never before have the Jones children been ill from eating too much of anything, and we are positive that it will do them actual good to have this feeling once in their lives. The only question is, have we started them on the road toward gluttony. I leave that question with you; for an answer, go see the children two days after Christmas.

Frances E. Hildreth, '95.

MARCH.

Frost and fragrance breathe their spice
Through sunbeams mellow!
Blight and bareness sheathe their sight
In daffies yellow!

Breeze and whirlwind sweep the earth
With raptures antic;
Grayness shivers at its roots
In throes gigantic.

Lilac rims the sky's lost blue,
Grim forms revealing;
Day's reach lengthens in that hue,
A promise sealing!

Alice L. Brewster, '89.

IN THE CELLAR.

In the cellar the three crouched low behind the rough boarding that hedged in the coal bin. Teddy couldn't settle himself comfortably among

the coals, so every few minutes Fan gave him a little pinch to quiet him. Nell was doubled up in the farthest corner, peering through a crack between the boards out into the semi-darkness.

"Keep still," she whispered, as Teddy wriggled painfully. "I know it's somebody now."

"Pooh! you said that before. Why didn't you get Ruth, too, Fan?" asked Teddy in a husky voice, which was a poor attempt at a whisper.

"Sh! I told her to come on, we were going to have some fun, but she wouldn't. She's smoothing mamma's hair. I guess mamma's got a headache. Sh! What's that?"

Some one was really coming. The door at the top of the cellar stairs opened, and they heard Ruth's voice calling, "Teddy! Fan! Mamma wants you." Then the door shut again, and they giggled delightedly.

"Isn't this fun? She hasn't the least idea where we are."

They had to keep on saying, "Isn't this fun?" to assure themselves that they were really enjoying it, for there is very little excitement about a dark, lonely cellar and a lumpy coal bin.

"Isn't it most night, don't you s'pose?" suggested the cramped Teddy.

"Teddy," cried Fan, angrily, "if you want to, you can go upstairs right now, and tell mamma you've been playing round at Willie Marston's. Nell and I are going to stay and have some fun."

"I don't think it's much fun," sighed Teddy, "but I'm going to stay."

At last there came a cheerful slam of the front door, a man's step sounded overhead, and presently the sound of approaching voices floated down.

"No, I'm sure they're not down there, Fred, for I sent Ruthie down an hour ago to see. They've been gone ever since three o'clock, and it's getting dark. I'm so worried."

"All right. I'll just take a look to make sure."

"That's papa," choked Fan. "Now it's coming. Teddy, if you make a sound, we'll never let you play with us again, *never!*"

The steps came nearer, some one struck a match, lighted the gas, and peered carefully all about the cellar. He passed close to the coal bin and glanced in, looking, as it seemed to three pairs of eyes, straight at the crouching figures. Fan was ready to gasp out some desperate excuse, but

fear stopped her breath and checked discovery, for her father went on upstairs with a perplexed frown.

"I don't see where the little rascals are," they heard him say as the door closed behind him. For a while the three conspirators were very silent. Then the restless Teddy began to cry softly. "He'll whip us; I know he will," he sobbed.

"Well, I wouldn't be a baby," said the stoical Nell. "Of course he'll whip us, but we ain't going just yet anyway."

"What's the good of staying any longer?" Teddy stopped crying to ask.

"The coal isn't very comfortable," said Fan. She was tired, too, but she saw the necessity of yielding slowly. As the eldest of the four children she always took the lead in all games or disputes. She was beginning to feel more subdued, and there was a funny little lump in her throat, but she said to herself that this came from whispering so much; just now she must certainly maintain discipline.

"You two can go if you want," with a mild scorn in her tone that held her subjects to their places more effectively than much persuasive argument. "I shan't stir till the front doorbell rings again, I don't care how long I have to wait; and if you're tired I know what I'll do. I'll tell you about 'The Fair with Golden Hair.' Once upon a time there lived a princess with golden hair that hung all the way to the ground. She was so beautiful that ——"

The doorbell rang.

"There!" shouted Teddy, jumping up and forgetting all about the story. "You said you'd go if it rang."

"Don't make such a racket," cautioned Fan. "We'd better go up as if we'd just come in from outdoors."

So three innocent-looking children crept quietly upstairs to the library and stood in embarassed silence till their mother looked up and gave a cry of surprise and relief.

"Where have you been?" questioned the father, sternly.

"Oh, we've been playing," ventured Fan, with doubtful assurance, while Nellie looked as if she didn't care, and Teddy began to cry again. "We didn't know it was so late."

"Your mother has been nearly worried to death. What's that black on your face, Teddy? Why, you've been in the coal bin."

Fan went to bed in stony silence and utter disregard of Ruth's appealing eyes.

"Were you really in the cellar?" the younger girl at last asked, timidly.

"Yes," said Fan. "Weren't you smart not to be able to find us? I s'pose you think we're awfully bad, but I don't care. It was real fun."

"What did they do to you?"

"Nothing. Mamma wouldn't let papa whip us. He wanted to, because we made her head ache. She made us say our prayers to her and ask God to forgive us. I wish they'd whipped us instead. I don't want to be forgiven, and I'm not sorry."

After which coherent speech Fan cried herself to sleep.

'98.

HIS SISTER.

Ellen McKay stood in the stuffy little kitchen, ironing. She had placed her board before the one narrow window that she might catch whatever breeze was stirring. Little enough of any breeze she was likely to get, for the leaves of the peach tree just outside the window scarcely moved, and within, the stove heated the tiny kitchen until it was almost unbearable. Through the open window she could see the brown, parched country stretching away for miles and miles to the far-off sky line. The low clumps of willows along the Fork seemed the only fresh green things in all that barren country side, and even they were heavy and white with dust from the river road. Two hawks circled and swung with lazy, monotonous sweeps up in the clear blue, and on a mullein stock by the fence a butterfly rested with folded wings, as if he, too, had lost heart like all the rest of the world.

The girl was not thinking of the country spread out before her. She had seen it all so often before; she knew the turn of every crooked fence, and the shape of every tree. She pushed her iron backward and forward over the coarse clothes, hardly knowing or caring what she was doing. Once when her eyes flooded with tears and her lips trembled, she sat down for a

moment at the kitchen table, her head bowed on her clenched hands. But when she rose again, and went on resolutely with her work, there were no traces of tears on her cheeks.

It was late afternoon when the weary work was finished, but Ellen did not stop to rest, although she looked wistfully toward the little, darkened parlor. With its light matting, and its slippery haircloth furniture, it was ugly enough, measured by some standards, but Ellen loved it for the sake of the mother who had arranged and cared for it,—the mother who had died eight years before. She turned away from the little room, and began to prepare supper with a sort of fierce energy, as if she were afraid of herself and the weakness she had shown in the afternoon.

After a while she heard her father's heavy footstep along the walk and up the steps. She went quickly to the window to see whether he had been drinking, but when he looked up at her, clear-eyed, she turned to the door to meet him.

"He hasn't come back, then, Ellen?" the man asked, as she took his dinner pail from him.

"Not yet, father. Haven't they heard anything of him in town? Nothing at all?" she questioned anxiously.

"Nothin' at all." He touched her thick brown hair gently, yet half-fearfully, with his big, rough hand, as she stood before him. "I asked everywhere, but the police 'ain't had no clue yet."

"He'll come back, father; surely to-morrow he'll come;" but she looked out of the window into the gathering twilight, almost hopelessly.

Her father tried to soften his coarse voice as he spoke: "You're gettin' paler every day, little girl. It 'ain't so hard on me, bein' away all day, workin'; but you're here alone, with Robbie's things 'round;" he glanced at the boy's coat hanging against the wall, and the old fishing-rod in the corner.

The girl replied quickly, "I want Robbie's things where he left them, so they'll be ready an' waitin' for him when he comes home again."

"You're so sure he'll come, Ellen." He stopped for a minute, but, as his daughter moved away, he caught at her apron to hold her near him.

"Do you think, Ellen, after what I said to him,—after the way I hit him,—that he'll"——

"Yes, father," she said, slowly, striving to keep her voice from trem-

bling, "I'm sure he'll come back; he's only ten years old; an' we loved each other so."

The little brother was all the girl had to love. For eight years she had bound up his bruised and bleeding fingers, kissed away his tears, helped him with his lessons, and cared for him in all the tender little ways she knew. She had hoped that he might not miss wholly the sweet mother-love that she had known for a little while, but which had been so early denied to him. Now, when a torrent of harsh words and an angry blow from his half-drunken father had sent the hot-tempered child away, although nearly a week had passed, she was still sure that the runaway would return; but her eyes had begun to wear a hungry, helpless look, for the waiting was so hard.

The great, broad-shouldered man, with his foolish woman's heart and his weakly yielding will, was half afraid of this daughter of his, who never flinched when he stormed at her, nor wept, as he expected she would, when he came home half sobered, in tearful repentance. To-night, as they ate their little meal, Ellen tried to talk to him, but the lapses of silence were long and disheartening. The girl's thoughts were not with the words she spoke, and Henry McKay was uncomfortable in her presence. He felt, in his stupid, thick-headed way, that somehow his daughter and he were on different planes, and he on the lower. And this is not a pleasant thing for any man to think.

Later in the evening, when her father was smoking his pipe out on the little back porch, Ellen finished her work, and stole into the tiny parlor. She opened the shutters of the window which looked out on the road, and sat down in one of the stiff haircloth chairs. McKay's cottage was the last of a number of little one-and-a-half-storied frame houses on the pike leading out from a small town in southern Indiana. It stood alone, apart from its neighbors, and the fences which had enclosed the little yard were half broken down. There were some straggling geraniums growing in a bed in the midst of the grass plot, and two or three peach trees on either side the uneven flag walk hung heavy with fruit. The odor of the flowers and the ripe peaches, came in with delicious fragrance at the open window where the girl sat, resting her elbows on the narrow sill. The full harvest moon lighted with almost startling clearness the dusty turnpike which stretched its straight, level length between field after field of harvested grain, off into the night.

In the girl's mind there was a tumult of memories,—of her own short childhood and Robbie's, of her mother's death and her father's worthlessness; memories of Robbie as a baby and as a dear, bright-eyed little boy who followed her about the house, calling her "Mamma Nell," all day long. She knew what an aching barrenness her life would have been without the child; but as she yearned to hold him in her arms now, it was not the baby nor the prattling child, but the great, long-limbed boy of ten, with his flashing, defiant eyes, that she longed for. She bowed her head on her arm, and her body shook with a succession of quick, breathless sobs.

After a little while, when a kitten cried beneath the window, she roused herself and opened the door, calling it to her. It caught at her skirts and cried again, and she picked it up, glad that she could stroke it gently and quiet its cries. She sat down on the doorstep with the tiny, gray creature in her arms. A light wind had started up and was stirring the leaves of the peach trees. The soft sound of their rustling, and the purring of the little kitten, sounded in her ears; the faint, sweet odor of the ripe peaches was all about her.

Perhaps she fell asleep as she sat there; at any rate she was startled by the sound of a buggy stopping before the house. A man jumped out and hurried toward her up the walk. He did not notice the girl until he was close upon her, then he stopped awkwardly and asked if McKay was at home. Ellen went to the back of the house and called to her father, but there was no answer, and when she looked for him on the back porch she found that he had gone.

"Father must have gone down the road to one of the neighbors, sir," she said, when she returned to the man, who stood nervously balancing his hat between his palms. "What did you want?"

"Oh, are you the boy's sister?"

"Has Robbie come back?" she cried, dropping the kitten to the ground. "Has Robbie come back? Have they found him? Where is he?"

"Yes," the man replied, "they've found him, and they sent me——"

"Where is he now? Why didn't you bring him? Is he sick or hurt?" She peered through the darkness almost wildly, trying to see the expression of his face. The kitten cried piteously and brushed against her, but she did not notice it.

"Yes, he has been hurt,—pretty badly," came the abrupt, cruel answer. The girl gave a little half cry, and the man went on, "I'll take you into town with me, if you'll come; but we'd better find your father, I guess."

"No, no, don't stop,—I don't know where he's gone; come, drive fast, Robbie's hurt." She ran before him, out to the buggy. Her dress caught on the gate latch, and the man following her heard it tear, as she hurried on. She climbed up over the wheel, and he followed quickly, seating himself beside her.

"Now," she said, when he had turned the horse and they were on their way back to the town, "tell me what's happened to Robbie. And, oh, please drive faster," she cried, clasping and unclasping her hands.

He whipped the horse into a gallop and gave him a loose rein. Then he told her very briefly, and without attempting to soften the bare, hard truth, how the boy had been found, late that afternoon, beside the railway track, a little way out of town. Probably he had been stealing a ride and had lost his hold, he explained. The body was a good deal crushed, but they had carried him into the town to the town hospital, and he was still alive. He expected a cry of some sort from the girl beside him, but she sat very still, looking with wide-open, terrified eyes, beyond the galloping horse's head, up the straight white road, toward the town.

In a moment they were in the midst of the lights, and the noise, and glare of the main street, raising a great cloud of dust behind them, so that the children who played along the sidewalks called and shouted after them as they passed. The pale, bare-headed girl beside the man was deaf to their cries. She heard only the steady beat of the horse's hoofs, and above the noise and hurry, a child's voice calling faintly, "Mamma Nell! Mamma Nell!" In another moment the man was lifting her out of the buggy, and some one was leading her to where the boy lay.

The little room was not lighted, but she saw dimly the bed in the corner. At the door one of the nurses stopped her.

"Are you the boy's mother?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes, yes; let me go to him!" The girl tried to shake off the hand that held her back.

"I am sorry"— the nurse faltered. "It is too late, now. He died just a moment ago."

GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

Bright bit of summer, come before thy time,
With blue of violets on thy outspread wing,
How canst thou sit and unconcernéd sing
Thy joyous raptures in this frozen clime?
White on the bough that o'er thee swings, a rime
Of frost reflects thy skyey blue of spring;
While upward, soft, melodious, thou dost fling
Thy notes, as if, forsooth, 'twere summer's prime.
Hail to thee, bird of promise for the North!
Bring us thy hope who here grow chilled with doubt.
At thy sweet song the first buds venture forth.
'Neath thy warm blue the snowdrop peepeth out.
Bright summer bird! melt all our snows away,
And turn for us this bleak March into May.

K. W. T., '99.

ON THE CIRCUIT.

They had been to a "social evening" at the settlement—all four of them—and though they had registered for the 9.25, they had decided to wait till the 10.10, and finish the Virginia reel. "That will be all right," the Faculty had whispered breathlessly to the Senior, as she shot past her from the arms of Mrs. Pappenheimar, and as she followed her in the grand march, she added, "I told them I didn't think we could make it." So the Senior nodded to the Sophomore, who was watching them inquiringly over the bow of her violin, and they finished the dance.

The 10.10 met the Circuit at Riverside, and connected with the half-hour cars at Newton Lower Falls. Not knowing how long they would have to wait at Riverside, they stopped at the fruit stand in the station. "Will you mind eating on the way?" the Senior asked the Faculty, who promptly purchased the most daring concoction, put up in small fig boxes. The Senior, having a sweet tooth, gravely possessed herself of "new maple sugar," three for five, and packed into the same bag the Malaga grapes the little Sophomore couldn't carry with her violin case. She ate only one grape before they got to Riverside, and that spoke well for her, for all the others were asleep.

At Riverside they found the Circuit train waiting, and they settled themselves resignedly in the high plush seats, turning one over so that they could face each other and keep from sliding off by bracing knee against knee. The Faculty held herself on while the little Sophomore climbed up and stowed away her violin case. The other two smoothed out the music roll, and dotted it with paper bags.

"Sure we're right?" mumbled the Senior, with grape seeds between her teeth. "You've done this before, Dod; does this train always strike the electrics?"

The Junior raised her eyebrows. "You might have asked before you got on," she said, "if you weren't sure. But I'm perfectly willing to go and see,"—swallowing a grape and turning to the Faculty, who was laboring over the fig boxes. The covers were too tightly fitted, and would not come off.

"Shall I?" she said.

The Faculty raised her head. "Perhaps you had better," she smiled, "if it isn't too much trouble."

"Not at all," said the Junior, and rose gracefully from beneath the shaky table which the Senior raised for a moment, and passed rapidly down the aisle. Her manner of rising and walking off may have accounted for the frequency with which she was called upon to do so, and the Senior and Sophomore, sitting backward, followed her with their eyes to the door.

The only other persons in the car were two men, vacantly surveying the party. They turned their heads toward the window and watched the Junior as she passed outside on the platform. Then they looked back at the others. The Senior, twisting her head toward them as she patted in a hairpin with the closed hand which held grape seeds, saw them look out again, lift their chins and bend toward the window. In another moment the Junior appeared at the door, her native self-possession in the background.

"Get out! get out!" she cried, waving her arms. "The electrics aren't running and the train 's just going!"

She turned like a flash and disappeared. The men were staring open-mouthed from the door to the dining seat in the other end of the car. The train started. "Oh, oh!" said the little Sophomore; "get out! get out!"

"Crawl up for your case," said the Senior, swooping the dishes from the table and diving for umbrellas. The Faculty was on her feet discarding

a trodden fig-box cover. All three rushed for the door; the little Sophomore's violin case banging against the metal arms of the seats as she passed, her short curls standing out straight from her head. The Senior, ducking round the corner of the door, heaved herself into the air for a leap to the platform, but fell back heavily, with a detaining arm around her throat. The conductor had sprung out from the other car.

"Don't jump!" he shouted, as if she had been a mile away. "Sure death! Train's going! Can't git off!"

He was straddling the car platform as he spoke, encircling the bewildered Faculty with the other arm, and squeezing the little Sophomore safely against the railing with his broad back. "Git back! git back! it's too late!"

The Junior was tearing frantically along beside the train, skirts in both hands. It was her last winter's brown skirt, which is very full. Her little brown velvet toque was waving over one ear.

"*Don't* leave me," she shrieked. "Jump! jump!" The Senior was strangling herself over the man's arm, but wriggling downward and toward the steps. "We've got to get off!" she choked out. "Let me go! We can jump. She saw the Junior becoming a waving, leaping blot in the distance.

The man pulled her back with a jerk, and swung the little Sophomore into the car again with a hoist of his knee. The Faculty he handled more carefully with his right arm, and deposited her likewise inside, then fervidly embraced his remaining charge with both arms.

"Come back here," he said, smiling broadly. "Don't you know enough not to jump? I'll git ye off."

Pushing her before him into the car, he jumped for the rope and pulled it. A man opened the opposite door.

"Stop the train," he yelled to him. "One of these has jumped and now the others want to. They've got to git off."

The Faculty straightened her hat and smoothed down the wrist of her glove. Then she leaned against the door and laughed. The Senior, red in the face, was still breathing hard, but she laughed, too. "I dropped something," she said. The little Sophomore, who had not taken her wild-eyed stare off the conductor's face, broke into a helpless giggle. Her curls flew

into her eyes as she shook her head at the violin case. "*Liebe, liebe!*" she said, patting it.

The train was slowing up and stopped some distance down the track. The conductor helped them down with great carefulness. "Don't never jump," he said, solemnly, to the Senior, who was the last to leave. "Sure death!"

"All trains won't stop," she said, taking a long breath, and thanked him with a cake of maple sugar. And that was a good deal for her to do, for the Faculty had begun on one, another had jumped when she didn't, and she had only gotten five cents' worth.

She fell into line with the Faculty, and they walked jerkily back over the ties. The Sophomore had left them on a run, both arms around her violin case. As they came nearer they saw her drop it on the platform, sit hastily down upon it, her curly head between her hands.

A dejected figure drooped out of the waiting room. Her toque fell still further earward as she caught sight of the little squatting figure in the middle of the platform. She threw up her arms and rushed forward.

"Oh, Mattie, Mattie!" gurgled the little Sophomore, as they met.

The other two came up with the greatest deliberation. "Poor Dod!" said the Senior, standing her umbrellas up against the station wall as she straightened the toque, "were you having a good time?"

The Junior's eyebrows went up again and her mouth broadened. "You dropped the grapes," she said.

Then they waited for the 11.20. '98.

JOTTINGS.

AN IMAGINARY EPISODE.

On a Saturday night, when the winds howled in their usual inspiringly cheerful manner, the magazine board sat in its sanctum, ruminative, despondent. Before it on the editorial desk lay this letter:—

"To the Editor of the Magazine:

Owing to a sickness in my family, I cannot send you the leading article for the coming number of the magazine.

With sincere regret,

N. O. Goode."

"Miss Bragg, Miss Wright, and Miss Doolittle have all promised stories," said a hopeful literary editor, offering a stray crumb of comfort. "Perhaps we can do without a leading article."

The editor in chief whirled slowly around on her revolving chair, and winked with due deliberation at the associate.

"Miss Wright has left college, Miss Bragg says she can't and won't, and Miss Doolittle has the measles."

"Very well," chimed in literary editor number two, whose disposition is buoyant enough to save her from a watery grave. "There are five of us, and we have from now till Tuesday. We will each write a story and send it in with our regular work."

The associate groaned. "I have a paper and a special topic to be done over Sunday, and the editorials aren't touched yet. Can't possibly."

"Four stories, then," said the inexorable chief.

Here the junior member put in a despairing voice: "My brief, you know—" and the chief assented silently and sympathetically. "That leaves three, anyway," said the associate, tentatively.

"Oh, Ethel can't, of course; she's been ill for a week, and it's too much to ask of her. You and I will have to do it. The good-natured chief beamed cheerfully on the hitherto buoyant literary editor.

"I was thinking you'd have to let me off. You see I've got the book reviews and exchanges both this time." Thus did the forlorn hope pour forth her woes. The last support taken away, the chief whirled round to the desk, dipped a pen in ink, and waved it at the downcast four. "Clear out," she said.

Then she reflected. Calamity: the leading article and three stories gone at one fell swoop without warning. Material for the magazine: one poem from the R. C., a brief sketch, two impossible daily themes, energy, hope. The ten o'clock bell rang. With the stroke came a swift resolution. The editor dropped her pen, stole down the dim-lit corridor, and paused outside a door to gaze doubtingly at the light reflected from the transom. She knocked gently. The care-worn faculty within was still up, seated at her desk, poring over two huge tomes. The black rings under her eyes bespoke weariness; her mouth was hard with nervous resolution. There came a hurried colloquy, swift refusal, altercation, sympathy, and hesitation;

at last hard-won consent. The leading article was secure, and for the rest there were still forty-eight hours left. With a lighter heart, the editor sought her room and the consolation of a fountain pen. Her light burned late, and I regret to say that she did not go to church next morning. Tuesday the magazine manuscript went off on the early mail, and promptly at the appointed time the new number appeared.

Comments there were of course. The associate editor overheard two critical girls in the hall one day:—

"Who on earth is Mary Stone? She writes well, but I never heard of her. Evidently a dark horse recently come to light."

"But don't you think her style is remarkably like the writer of that other story, 'X Y Z, '98?' If those two stories had been freshman themes I should say there had been cheating done."

"Do you think so?" said the first. "Why, I thought 'X Y Z's' was a good deal more like that other written by 'Nescio Quam.' How foolish it is, anyway, not to sign your own name!"

However, the magazine came out.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE self-same advice, warning, and encouragement has been given year after year to each new incoming Board of Editors by each old outgoing Board of Editors. We feel much like the revised illustration of a personified worn and bent Old Year, who steps out of the road to make way for the cherubic happy-faced New Year. Last year we took our places with dutiful minds, new pens, and large expectations of the scope for our critical abilities. In our ignorant young enthusiasm we spoke of the discretion to be used in accepting literary productions. Much of such material as we had seen in the Magazine pages was to be thrown into the wastebasket. We would demand better stories, brighter sketches, more poetic poems. We would raise the standard of THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to a height hitherto undreamed of. Then for three weeks we sat with ink-dipped pen and empty wastebasket waiting.

One gray morning we awoke to the consciousness that the April number must go to press in a week, and as yet material was not. We left our pens and our wastebasket, we put on our most winning smile and our company manners, and went forth into the highways and hedges to glean. Our souls stooped from the exaltation of high resolve to snatch at whatever was offered. And that wasn't much. Then with humble minds we went back to our "den" to look at the material once so scornfully tossed aside, which the '97 Board had bequeathed us. Final result: the April Magazine, and a wiser Board.

The chief critical ability that you will need to bring to your task is to be used on people's characters and characteristics. The ability to choose from amongst the mass of those who can write and won't, and those who can't and will, that rare and elusive bird who can and will, is an important requisite for the editorial chair. (And we have a chair now, you know, as well as a desk.) But, above all, it is our earnest hope that you have the art of begging gracefully and successfully. For it is certainly true that the mendicant's staff and wallet would be a fitter symbol of editorial duties than pen and wastebasket.

But since some information is, if not a useful, at least the customary

gift of the retiring Board, we make haste to do our neglected duty. The usual reservoir of material from which all sorts of literary productions flow is made up of freshman themes, sketches from English, and the occasional stories turned out by the daily theme class. But here aeeept a warning. Don't print daily themes; or if you really must, call them by some other name,—sketehes, episodes, outlines in local color, or even jottings, in a properly re-hashed and furbished-up eondition. At all odds they must lose superfieial resemblance to the grand order of themes. Here the mueh-enduring college public plants its foot and stubbornly cries, "No more of these."

As to leading artieles—here emotion would overeome us. The constitution of The Wellesley Magazine deelares that there must be a leading artiele, presumably of learned and weighty import. In consequenee, there is a leading artiele. But oh, the meaning in that little sentenee, the hard-earned promise wrung from busy alumna or obliging faculty, the days of doubt and suspense before the MS. appears, the letter of inquiry, finally renewed hope as an answer comes,—but alas! pleading overwork, asking delay. At length we clasp the belated but joy-bringing roll to our bosom, then elap it into an envelope and send it post haste to the printer. The Magazine appears a trifle late, but freighted with that eagerly sought, much-read leading artiele. We would say, however, that the surest plan for eventually getting these desirable artieles is to have, for eaeh number of the Magazine, at least three promised to arrive two months before they are needed. Two of these will certainly be lost on the road, for though we would not, without definite proof, impugn the honesty of postmasters along the route, the non-arrival of the wished-for paekage arouses our doubts. The weight of the manuscript must eause a suspicion of the real value of the contents. In no other way ean we explain these mysterious disappearances.

After all, however, experience will teach you far more than we ever eould. We applaud your zeal and determination, and wish you sueh unbounded success that your farewell address next March may sound a new and triumphant note.

II.

If the Magazine Board is ever in danger of estimating its own worth too highly, it has only to look back on the many years when it was not.

Nearly a dozen graduating classes pursued their serene and untroubled paths without the help or hindrance of a college publication. It was the custom then for the *Natick Courant* to devote a column or two of its weekly issue to college news furnished by some busy but obliging faculty. In the latter eighties the duty fell into the hands of the students. Behold, then, the shift to which they were put, these forerunners of a later Board. The *Courant* was willing to devote two pages of its weekly issue to the needs of Wellesley students. Contributions to this quasi-supplement took the form of abstracts of sermons, notices of lectures, the weekly bulletin, etc.

Occasionally there was an attempt at an appreciation or essay, once in a while a poem came fluttering before the world in these newspaper columns. The editorial, too, was there gathering strength and assurance for the future.

Then in 1889, hesitating yet eager for new responsibilities, the students elected an editorial board and founded a college organ under the suggestive and prophetic name of the "Prelude." The literary activity of the college, like a timid but thriving new-hatched chick, was uttering a feeble chirp on its own account. The pin-feathers of the youngster grew apace, he developed great crowing propensities, and threatened rapid development into roosterdom. The "Prelude" was a news sheet issued weekly throughout the academic year, and contained the usual features of such an organ, the brief congratulatory editorial, college notes, an occasional "Question Worthy of Discussion," which helped wonderfully to fill up space, and a few refined jokes under the title of "Waban Ripples." In 1891, after two years of successful growth, the "Prelude" began to issue in addition a monthly number more literary in its tone than the weekly news sheet. The new attempt was so popular that the earlier weekly issue ran through its short life with the year, and having fulfilled its mission, gave place in October, 1892, to THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE. A board of eight literary and two managing editors inaugurated the new departure with the highest hopes. They spoke enthusiastically, "With the persistency of a phœnix THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE arises from the ashes of former publications. For the third time in five years the creature spreads its wings for flight, a longer, and since we believe in progress, let us hope, a better flight." A constitution was adopted, the leading article became an established fact. The Free Press was

opened to contributors. For six years the Magazine has developed along the lines marked out by its founders, and once more the editors regretfully lay down their pens to give place to the new order of things and the seventh Editorial Board.

III.

When a college girl has completed the required work in English, perhaps as a general thing she heaves a sigh of relief and embarks upon her senior year, thankful no more themes or forensics need be written. With papers and special topics she has her hands full. It is, however, to the girls who want something more, that this chance shaft is thrown in the hope of meeting some faint response. We submit that literary training of a high order does come from the course in daily themes open to seniors. That it meets the expectations of many is evident from the number who take the course each year. But we think, nay we feel sure, that there is an important minority who would appreciate and enjoy another kind of course. Even if perfection in detail and carefully finished style is gained from writing these numerous short themes, one is inclined to wonder if more strength and mastery would not come from continued practice at more ambitious writing. How many of these perfect trifles, gems though they be, does the writer look back on with the sense of something accomplished? Or, if you scoff not at the material, how many are fit for publication? We wonder then if it would not be possible to open a course for fuller literary training. Admission might be by invitation or by application. The work done might be merely story writing, the descriptive magazine article, or the appreciative essay. We have now a rhyming club which is doing in the way of poetry what we would like to see tried in prose.

FREE PRESS.

This is an answer on behalf of the "Busy" signs to the slur cast upon them in the January Magazine. "As an evil that goes with rushing through dinner" we may justly "regret them," but as sureties of an unbroken hour or two they are quite the opposite of such evils. If it were more our custom at Wellesley to work when we were working, we should find that the cry of

being overworked would cease to be, and the results of our labor would be better worth while. One of the best aids to this is the "Busy" sign, for though it is doubtless stupid of our friends not to deteet the atmosphere of deep thought that surrounds us when at work on a paper, yet seldom do they rise above such stupidity, and the neeessity of the exertion of moving from the plaee they are in makes them slow to aet when they have perceived. Two or three absolutely uninterrupted hours of work will give better results than as many evenings of half hours sandwiched in between calls. It isn't that we don't want the ealls, but it is that if we will take some time for "nothing but work" we shall find that we double the time, not only for them, but for eoasting and sleeping, too. Like other good things, the "Busy" signs are doubtless abused, but it is not just to mark them all as indications that their owners are taking life "very seriously" without implying that it may be very sensibly, too.

F. H. R., '99.

EXCHANGES.

The fietion of the month, with a few exeeptions, is not so strong as it was last month. The prize story in the *Vassar Miscellany*, "And Showed me that Great City," seems to us hardly to merit its reputation. It is novel, with a eertain freshness of tone, but hardly of the grade we would expect a prize offered by the *Miscellany* to produee.

In the *Yale Courant*, "Biggs of the Curoca" is well told, also "The Upper Casement," in the *Nassau Lit.* Two interesting stories appear in the *Amherst Lit.*,—"A System of Free Delivery," and "Two Sons of One House." In the *Williams Lit.* we find decidedly the best work "Sic itur ad astra," in interest and foree is above the average, while "The Leper" is quite as original and striking. "Out of Meeting" and "Sweet Brier," in the *Mount Holyoke*, are both dainty and well done.

We notice a preponderance of sketchy material in all the magazines. It seems to us that unless a short theme is very well worked up, it is hardly worth while. To confine it to a eertain department, as is done by the *Smith Monthly*, and a few others, gives it a little more weight; but to seatter it indiseriminately through the magazine means, in our eyes, to weaken it, unless, as we said, it is exeeptionally well done.

In heavier vein we find much material. "A Taint in Recent Fiction," in the *Dartmouth Lit.*, gives us one of the most scathing denunciations of the modern moral novel,—a little too scathing, perhaps, but to be commended in its general tone.

In the *Brown Magazine* we find what so rarely enters a college paper of this kind, a scientific, nay, statistical, discussion of "Temperament," most carefully worked out and put into unusually interesting form, without any apparent attempt to pamper the college taste. We doubt, however, if it would relish an overdose of such material.

Carlyle is again being worked up. The *Amherst Lit.*, in "A Political Idealist," and the *Tennessee University Magazine*, in "Carlyle's Ruggedness," treat old subjects with no little strength. The latter is, perhaps, less interesting, since it deals with the subject as most of us have been taught to do in our various "English Departments." "The World's Waste," in the *Nassau Lit.*, a prize oration, gives evidence of skill from the oratorical point of view, though it would seem forced if it had been written for another purpose.

In verse, the pages teem with valentines; few bearing repetition.

We quote from the *Smith Monthly*:—

THE HILLS IN AUTUMN.

Dear one, let us go forth together
  Over the hills, where the purple haze
  Breathes mystery and a witch spell lays
On idle folk in the autumn weather.

Peace sleeps on the hills; shall we go find her?
  The sky is warm and the maples spread
  A myriad links of gold and red
Adown the slope for a chain to bind her.

Lo, into our inmost heart the river,
  The far-away thread with the silver gleam,
  Shall wind its way like a shining stream,
With wonderful fancies alight, aquiver.

Dear heart, let us climb together the golden
  Glorious hills; who knows, we may
  Win to the top of silence to-day,
Where even the tongues of the wind are holden.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Macbeth: The Students' Series of English Classics, edited, with notes and introduction, by James M. Garnett. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, 1897. Price, 35 cents.

Modern France (1789–1895): The Story of the Nations, by André Lebau, Member of the Chamber of Deputies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

Thirty Years of American Finance. A short financial history of the government and people of the United States (1865–1896), by Alexander Dana Noyes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

A Simple Grammar of English Now in Use, by John Earle, Honorary Doctor of Laws in the University of Aberdeen, Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in University of Oxford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

Love Letters, A Romance in Correspondence, by Harold R. Vynne. Zimmerman's Pocket Library. New York: Zimmerman's, 1898.

Political Sermons, including the Ballad of Plymouth Church, by William E. Davenport. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897. Price, $1.50.

Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897. Price, $1.50.

De Quincey: Confessions of an Opium Eater, with introduction and notes, by George Armstrong Wauchope, Professor of English in the University of Iowa. Heath's English Classics. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1898.

The Pride of Jennico, being a memoir of Captain Basil Jennico, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Macmillan Co., 1898. Price, $1.50.

The Celebrity, an episode, by Winston Churchill. New York: Macmillan Co., 1898. Price, $1.50.

The God-Idea of the Ancients, or Sex in Religion, by Eliza Burt Gamble. New York: Putnam's Sons, 1898. Price, $2.25.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Thirty Years of American Finance, a short financial history of the government and people of the United States, 1865–1896, by Alexander Dana Noyes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

As the title indicates, "Thirty Years of American Finance" attempts no economic abstract argument, but a simple, concise statement of the relation of the events in financial history between 1865 and 1897. The author says in the Preface: "I have not limited my narrative to public finance. . . . A story of administrative experiments in revenue or currency . . . when surveyed along with the political history of a period, with its industrial, agricultural, and commercial history, . . . becomes a vivid panorama in the struggle of society to solve the riddle of material progress. The fourteen-year contest over resumption of specie payments, the fall in staple prices, the railway expansion, the great harvests of 1879 and 1891, the efforts to get the silver dollars into circulation, the career of the American speculators, the enormous surplus revenue of 1888, the growth of public expenditure, the tariff and silver laws of 1890, the rise of the Populist party, the expulsion of gold, the panic of 1893, the industrial revolt of 1894, the Treasury deficit, and the bond issues from 1894 to 1896,—each of these episodes, and with them many others which will find place in our discussion, bear directly, not on their financial periods alone, but on all subsequent financial history." The author has had articles on some of the above mentioned subjects in the *Political Science Quarterly*, although nothing is repeated from these articles except the general line of discussion, and the facts and articles compiled. The matter throughout is well arranged, the style well balanced and the view in the main unprejudiced by party preference.

The Story of the Nations: Modern France (1789–1895), by André Lebau, Member of the Chamber of Deputies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

To all acquainted with the somewhat more than fifty works appearing in the "Story of the Nation" series during the past year, the addition of the present volume, "Modern France," is a welcome one. It sets forth ably and in a most interesting manner the history of the last century, so rich in deas, in events, and in men, as the present period has been in France.

Such a representation, occupying only one volume, of necessity demands the elimination of all that is picturesque in the facts to be related, leaving merely their substance, and all attempt at giving any portrait of the personages whose acts are narrated in their results alone. The author, M. André Lebau, endeavors to avoid all reflection which might be attributed to party spirit, simply showing its obvious defects, where a political system has failed, without searching out its hidden virtues. Accomplished facts are related, and their origin sought not in the circumstances which render them difficult of comprehension, but in those which make them explicable.

The book treats, in general, three periods of the century's history. "The first phase, following the great Revolution, when civil equality triumphed, but when power was centered in a propertied middle class, extremely restricted in number, ended two revolutions—the Revolution of 1830, which the middle class itself got up in order to break the power of royalty; and that of 1848, promoted by the democracy against the middle class. The second phase lasted from 1848 to 1870, during which the electorate chose to abdicate its functions in favor of a dictator rather than see its sovereignty called in question by the old political parties." After the ruin and the shame of the Second Empire, France is depicted as engaged on the task of finding a *modus vivendi* for equality and liberty, which shall contribute to the progress of democracy. "The undertaking," writes the author, "is all the more difficult that the instruction of the people has lagged slowly after the change, so that the nation's initiation into normal conditions of political life was not made either under the repression from which the previous generation suffered, nor during the struggle for existence imposed upon the Republic by the National Assembly, and later in 1889 and 1893."

The God-Idea of the Ancients, or Sex in Religion, by Eliza Burt Gamble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898. Price, $2.25.

"The God-Idea of the Ancients, or Sex in Religion," is the outcome of thought induced in the author's mind, by her search for statistics toward her "Evolution of Woman." Miss Gamble claims in her work that sex is the fundamental fact not only in the operations of nature, but in the construction of a god. She asserts that "a comprehensive study of prehistoric records shows that in an earlier age of existence upon the earth, at a time when woman's influence was in the ascendancy over that of man, human energy

was directed by the altruistic characters which originated in, and have been transmitted through, the female; but after the decline of woman's power, all human institutions, customs, forms, and habits of thought, are seen to reflect the egotistic qualities acquired by the males.

"Nowhere is the influence of sex more plainly manifested than in the formulation of religious conceptions and creeds. With the rise of male power and dominion, and the corresponding repression of the natural female instincts, the principles which originally constituted the God-idea gradually gave place to a deity better suited to the peculiar bias which had been given to the male organism. An anthropomorphic god, like that of the Jews,—a god whose chief attributes are power and virile might—could have had its origin only under a system of masculine rule."

The idea has evidently been thought worthy the author's closest application, and its setting forth well indicates the study she has given to it. The growth of religions is most ably outlined, alone deserving of interest if the lines of sexual demarcation, and a study and emphasis of their divergence, does not attract the reader.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Feb. 5.—A regular meeting of the Barn Swallows was held at the barn. A play, "Chums," furnished the evening's entertainment. The cast of characters were as follows:—

Mr. Breed, a Vermont farmer . . .	Miss E. Craig, '98.
Mrs. Breed	Miss Carrie Howell, '98.
Harry, Harvard A. B. . . .	Miss Martha Griswold, '99.
Tom Burnham, Harry's chum . . .	Miss M. Dodd.
Flora Strong, Mr. Breed's niece . .	Miss E. Bach, '98.

Feb. 6.—Rev. F. W. Hamilton, of Roxbury, Mass., preached in the chapel at the usual hour. At 7 P. M. Rev. E. A. Paddock gave an account of missionary and educational work at Weiser, Idaho.

Feb. 7.—7.30 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel gave a song recital in the chapel under the auspices of the Class of '98.

Feb. 8.—Examinations close.

Feb. 9.—Second term begins.

Feb. 10.—4.15. Mr. C. Howard Walker, of the department of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, gave the first of a series of lectures on "The History of Ornamentation." The lecture was primarily for members of the Art courses, but other members also of the College were invited.

Feb. 12.—3.20 P. M. Mr. Walker gave his second lecture in the Art Building. In the chapel pupils of the school of music gave an informal recital.

Feb. 13.—Rev. F. E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, conducted the usual morning services in the chapel.

Feb. 14.—7.30. Mr. Kenyon Cox lectured in the Art Building on "Michael Angelo."

Feb. 17.—Mr. Walker gave the third of his lectures at 4.15 in the Art Building. At 7.15, instead of the usual weekly prayer-meeting, services were held in honor of Mr. Durant's birthday, at which Miss Bates read a paper.

Feb. 19.—3.20. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee lectured in the chapel on "Kipling." In the Art Building Mr. Walker gave the fourth of his series of lectures. At 7.30 P. M. a regular meeting of the Barn Swallows was held in the barn. Scenes from famous works furnished the entertainment. Following are the selections and cast:—

Scene I., from "Captains Courageous."

Capt. Troop	Miss Edith Claypole, of the faculty.
Harvey Cheyne	Miss Annie Davis, 1901.
Dan, Capt. Troop's son	Miss Maybelle Phillips, 1900.

Scene II., from "Jane Eyre," Mr. Brocklehurst's visit to Lowood.

Mr. Brocklehurst	Miss Mansfield, 1901.
Miss Temple	Miss Maine, '98.
Jane Eyre	Miss Fairlie, 1900.
Julia Severn	Miss Kilpatrick, '99.
Mrs. Brocklehurst	Miss S. Maude Moore, '98.
The Misses Brocklehurst	Miss Gordon Walker, 1900. Miss C. Rodman, 1901.

Scene III., from "Mill on the Floss."

Tom	Miss Grace Hoge, '98.
Maggie	Miss di Zerega, 1901.

Scene IV., from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Miss Ophelia . . . . . Miss Locke, of the faculty.
Topsy . . . . . Miss Julia Berryman, 1901.
Eva . . . . . Miss Leonard, '99.
Rosa . . . . . Miss Alice Childs, '98.

Scene V., from "Princeton Stories," "The Hazing of Valiant."

Valiant, posing as the professor's wife, Miss Lucy Wright, 1900.
Buckley, a sophomore . . . . . Miss Loop, 1900.

Feb. 20.—The regular Sunday service was conducted at 3.30 P. M., instead of 11 A. M., by the Rev. Mr. Chandler, of the Wellesley Congregational Church.

Feb. 22.—Washington's Birthday was celebrated by the omission of recitations, the singing of "America" in the chapel, and the decoration of the center with the flag belonging to the Agora Society. In the evening, the usual Glee Club concert was given. The center, as usual, was prettily decorated with rugs and screens.

Feb. 24.—Mr. Walker gave his last lecture on "Ornamentation."

Feb. 26.—Mrs. Irvine, assisted by members of the faculty, was at home to the members of the senior class from three until six. At 7.30 the Agora held an open meeting in the barn, at which a representation of a meeting of the Central Labor Union was interestingly given. The speakers were as follows:—

Brother Jacob . . . . . Miss Helen H. Davis.
Representative of the Brewers' Union.
Brother Laborie . . . . . Miss Eleanor Brookes.
Representative of the Carpenters' Union.
Brother Polovsky . . . . . Miss Lucy M. Wright.
Representative of the Garment Makers' Union.
Mr. Zelaya . . . . . Miss Ruth S. Goodwin.
Non-Unionist.

Feb. 27.—Rev. Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, conducted the usual eleven o'clock service in the chapel.

Feb. 28.—Mrs. Irvine was at home to seniors at Norumbega. The junior members of Society T. Z. E. gave a ribbon german in the barn. At

7.30 Mr. Frederick Robertson lectured on "The Future of the Liberal Party in England." After the lecture the members of the history classes met Mr. Robertson in the Horsford parlor.

March 3.—Instead of the usual prayer meeting, memorial services in memory of Miss Frances E. Willard were conducted under the auspices of the Temperance Committee of the Christian Association.

Ninety-eight sends its last Magazine to print, and gives over its responsibilities and privileges into the hands of the following Board of Editors of the Class of '99: Editor in chief, Grace Louise Cook; assistant editor, Bernice O. Kelley; literary editors, Margaret Bell Merrill, Helen Burton, Geraldine Gordon, 1900; business managers, Maude Emily McClary and Louise Baldwin.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held Feb. 12, 1898, in Elocution Hall. The following programme was rendered:—

Fifth Century (480–400 B. C.)

I. Symposium.

Excavations at Olympia . . . Nellie Luther Fowler, '98.

II. Programme:—

a. Results of the Persian War . . Mary Mirick, '98.

b. Olympian Sculpture.

1. Pediments . . . } M. Edith Ames, '98.
2. Metopes and other decorations }

c. Myron and his sculpture . . Florence Ethel Bailey, 1900.

A programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held Friday evening, Feb. 25, 1898, in Elocution Hall. The following programme was rendered:—

Fifth Century (2d part, 480–400 B. C.)

I. Symposium.

Influence of athletics upon Greek sculpture . . . . . Mary Galbraith, '98.

II. Programme:—

1. Pheidias . . . . . Estelle Smith, 1900.

2. Sculpture of the Parthenon.

   a. Pediments
   b. Frieze and Metopes . . . . Mary Pierce, '98.

3. Other Athenian Sculptures.

   a. Erectheum
   b. Nilse . . . . . Louise T. Wood, '98.
   c. Theseum

The Society Tau Zeta Epsilon held a regular meeting December the first, at which the following programme was given :—

1. History of Music in Germany . . Maude W. Clark.
2. Famous German Compositions . . Bernice O. Kelly.
3. Styles of Music and Famous Compositions . . . . . Elsie L. Stern.
4. Music . . . . . Mary G. Martin. Lucile Reynolds.
5. Current Topics . . . . Carrie M. Harbach.

At a meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held December the eighth, Miss Jessie Cameron, 1900, was initiated into the society.

At a regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held January the fifteenth, the following programme was given :—

1. Italian Opera . . . . . Gertrude C. Underhill.
2. French Opera . . . . Mabel Wood.
3. German Opera . . . . Grace Sutherland.
4. Current Topics . . . . Mabel Tower.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday evening, February 5. The following programme was presented :—

Review of Tennyson's Memoirs . . Hannah Hume.
Recent Essays . . . . . Rachel Hoge.
The Tendencies of Modern Fiction . . Josephine Baxter.
Current Event : The Discovery of Papyrus in Egypt . . . . . Mary Oliphant.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday evening, February 26. The subject for the evening was the Arthurian Legends, and the following papers were read :—

Romances of Chivalry	Josephine Hayward.
Origin and Growth of the Arthurian Legend	Marjorie Dutch.
Malory's Morte D'Arthur	Grace M. Hoge.
Current Event: The Maine Disaster . .	Wilhelmine Bayliss.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

From the 1897 "Annals of the Class of '86" we clip the following: "Elizabeth W. Braley is teaching again in the Pennsylvania Charter School in Philadelphia, Pa. Lucy F. Friday is teaching Greek and Latin in the Pennsylvania College for Women at Pittsburg, Pa."

Mary C. Mosman has been active in the new movement of the Boston Educational and Industrial Union toward a scientific treatment of the domestic problem, a movement of which the press thus far is taking much notice.

Lilian E. Pool is teaching at the Burnham School in Northampton, Mass.

Clara R. Walker is teaching for the seventh year in the Hillhouse High School, of New Haven, Conn.

Jessie Claire McDonald, '88, President of the Alumnæ Association, spent the week February 11–18, at the college.

Gertrude M. Willcox, '88, sailed for Japan in February, 1897, as a missionary of the American Board. She is engaged in studying the language and in teaching in Kobe College, Kobe, Japan, where Miss Susan A. Searle, '81, is continuing her work as acting president.

The class letter of '89 has just appeared. We clip the following: "Ruth E. Abbott is teaching in Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass. She is substituting for Miss Sarah Robinson, Wellesley, '82."

The address of Mary Bean Jones is P. O. Box 246, Conshohocken, Pa.

Caroline M. Field is teaching Latin and Art in Miss Kimball's schoo for girls at Worcester, Mass.

May Margaret Fine is acting as business manager for her brother's school in Princeton, N. J.

Florence M. Fisherdick is teaching Greek and Geometry in the High School at Meriden, Conn.

Eleanor Gamble has almost completed her third and last year of graduate study at Cornell University.

Lovisa B. Gere is teaching English Literature at Walton, N. Y.

Sarah H. Groff is teaching Latin in the Girls' High School of Germantown, Pa.

Mary F. Hitch is teaching Greek, Latin, and Mathematics in a college preparatory school for boys and girls in New Bedford, Mass.

Helen W. Holmes is assisting Miss Wheelock in the work with the Kindergarten Training Class of Boston.

Gertrude James is teaching in the High School in Portland, Oregon.

Katharine J. Lane is taking a course of study at Radcliffe.

Lucia D. Leffingwell has returned again to the art work in New York, which she dropped because of ill health.

Grace Lee, formerly '89, is in the office of the Children's Art Society, Boston, Mass.

Anita Whitney is living in Washington, D. C.

The engagement of Alice Reed, '93, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Annie Tomlinson, '93, to Mr. Sanford, principal of the Brookline High School.

Lillian Brandt, '95, has been appointed principal of Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.

The address of Cordelia C. Nevers, '96, is Langlaogte, Transvaal, South Africa.

Annie Kimball Tuell, '96, is teaching in the Westbrook Seminary, at Deering, Me.

Edith Whitloek, '96, has entered the Training Sehool for Nurses, Portland, Me. Her address is Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland.

Aliee W. Burchard, '97, is pursuing post-graduate studies at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Her address is Kenilworth, Ill.

The Eastern New York Wellesley Club held a soeial meeting with the president, Miss Ada Aliee Jones, 457 State Street, Albany, Saturday afternoon, February 5.

The annual reunion of the Washington Wellesley Association was held on Monday, January 3, at the residence of Miss Teller, and proved, as always, a delightful affair. After a short address of weleome by the retiring president, Mrs. Diller, a brief programme was rendered, consisting of a violin solo by Miss Allen, '94, a piano solo by Miss Cummings, '97, and the always welcome annals of the recent doings at college, by Miss Hoge, '98. Miss McDonald, president of the Wellesley Alumnæ Association, also spoke, voicing the continuous loyalty of all Wellesley alumnæ for our Alma Mater, and the aims of the alumnæ for greater usefulness to the College Beautiful. The formal part of the meeting closed with the singing of Alma Mater, and the eollege eheer. An enjoyable soeial hour was then spent, during which refreshments were served.

The Wellesley College Club of Philadelphia gave a concert on the evening of February 8, for the benefit of the Shafer Memorial Fund.

The New York Wellesley Club accepted the hospitality of Mrs. Heetor Hitehings for the monthly meeting on February 19, the guest of honor being Mrs. Ellis Rowan of England. Owing to the great inclemency of the weather very few were able to see Mrs. Rowan's beautiful paintings of the flora of Australia, of whieh she has a wonderful eollection. Those who did brave the storm heard with pleasure Mrs. Rowan's interesting talk on these flowers, after which they welcomed Miss MeDonald, '88, president of the Alumnæ Association. Miss MeDonald spoke of the old Wellesley, the glorious prospects of the new Wellesley, besides giving a clear idea of the needs and aims of the Assoeiation. As she was on her way from the college she brought many cordial greetings, while she earried away with her the goodwill and best wishes of the Wellesley Club.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

Feb. 3.—The Merry Maidens repeated their play, "A Love of a Bonnet." Mrs. Taylor sang. A number of Lasell girls were present as guests. The audience numbered from forty-five to fifty.

Feb. 8.—First of the series of lectures for club workers. Miss Fisher gave an interesting talk on "Nature Work." She suggested that much could be done in the winter, observing the varied phenomena of the sky, the snowflakes, trees, etc. In spring and summer botany and zoölogy could be studied in the fields and from specimens; also the sea, shells, and pebbles. Miss Fisher pointed out four ways in which each subject might be studied. 1. Observation of natural objects. 2. Drawing. 3. Looking at pictures. 4. Studying the literature, poems, myths, etc., relating to the subject. Residents' meeting in the evening. Miss Dudley spoke of the provision made by the city for the care of its poor.

Feb. 9.—Miss Trimble, formerly of the Cincinnati Settlement, came into residence. Miss Trimble is taking several courses at Cambridge.

Feb. 10.—Evening: Miss Seipp, Miss Converse and Miss Damon played the violin and piano, and sang. The Misses Mills also played and sang, and Mrs. Phillpot sang. Some twenty neighbors were present, beside the embroidery class, who came in after their lesson.

Feb. 11.—Miss Waterman, Wellesley, '81, formerly at the New York College Settlement, came into residence.

Feb. 14.—Tea given by the Teachers' Club, Governor Wolcott and Professor Wendell, the guests of honor. Singing by the Harvard Graduate Glee Club. There are already one hundred members of the Teachers' Club, and many on the waiting list.

Feb. 15.—Lecture for club workers, from Miss Florence Smith, on Teaching History through Pictures. Miss Smith brought from the Public Library a book about Egypt, with brightly colored illustrations, to show how much about the government, religion, and life of the country, as well as its art, might be taught through pictures. The class should draw and paint pictures, both from the book and from memory, and also express ideas through dramatics.

Residents' meeting, evening. Miss Dudley spoke of State charities

and reforms proposed which are embodied in a bill at present before the Legislature. Club of boys who came here some years ago met again to-night. They were found to be exceptionally bright and intelligent, much interested in labor questions. The New Bedford strike was the subject of the evening.

Feb. 17.—Most brilliant party of the year. Mr. Bancroft sang old songs and ballads, English, Scotch, Irish, and American, and told us a little of their history. There were about seventy guests. All were delighted and showed great enthusiasm.

Feb. 18.—Mrs. Toby gave a second talk to the Woman's Club.

Feb. 22.—Bishop Hall, of Vermont, called, and said a prayer for God's blessing on the house and its workers.

Miss Florence Smith lectured on the "Pageant and Festival," speaking of the value to children of holiday observances.

Mr. King, of Canada, who is now studying at Harvard, spoke before the Social Science Club, on the sweating system in Canada, where he had made investigations at the request of the Government. Many of the older club boys were present, some of them taking part in the discussion which followed the lecture.

Feb. 25.—Mrs. O'Sullivan told the Woman's Club about the Co-operative Store at Cambridge, where they could buy groceries to their own advantage, and also help on a good cause.

Feb. 26.—Union meeting of Boys' Clubs. Mr. Tucker gave a very interesting talk on "A Trip to Europe," illustrated by many photographs.

MARRIAGES.

Merrill–Baker.—In Sandusky, Ohio, June 30, 1897, Miss Mary Georgean Baker, '86, to Mr. Albert Nathaniel Merrill. At home, 216 Huntington Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Wood–Ware.—In Bangor, Me., Jan. 19, 1898, Miss Maud Ware, '92, to Mr. Earl Boynton Wood. At home after March 1, Fort Fairfield, Me.

Sayre–Bartholomew.—In Hazleton, Pa., Feb. 15, 1898, Miss Elizabeth Bartholomew, '94, to Mr. William Heysham Sayre.

Buck–Staples.—In Stockton, Cal., Feb. 2, 1898, Miss Blanche E. Cooper Staples, formerly '94, to Mr. George Faunse Buck. The present address of Mrs. Buck is 1106 North San Joaquin Street, Stockton, Cal.

Brinkerhoff–Sedgwick.—In Kansas City, March 2, 1898, Miss Rose Fyock, formerly '97, to Mr. James Hunt Brinkerhoff. The present address of Mrs. Brinkerhoff is 1020 Jefferson Street, Kansas City.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 20, 1897, in Pawtucket, R. I., a daughter, Lilli, to Mrs. Lena Follett Appleton, '89.

Nov. 15, 1897, in Jamaica Plain, Mass., a son, Carl McPherson, to Mrs. Mary McPherson Schaper, '93.

Sept. 4, 1897, a son, Harold Hayden, to Mrs. Eleanore Kellogg Herrick, '94.

DEATHS.

In October, 1897, at Bridgeport, Conn., the father of Mary Walker Porter, '89.

At Woburn, Mass., Jan. 30, 1898, Grace Mayland Cummings, '91.

In Ovid, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1897, Mr. James A. Purdy, father of Clara R. Purdy, '97.

Died at Sharon, Mass., on Sunday, March 6, Helen Pettee, of the Class of '98.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, out of the abundance of His love and in His infinite wisdom, has taken from us our friend, Helen Pettee, be it

Resolved, That we, the Agora of Wellesley College, express our deep sorrow at the loss of one who by her loyal friendship and by her strong and beautiful character has left with us both the memory and the blessing of Christlike life. And also be it

Resolved, That we who for a few years have known her and loved her, express our heartfelt sympathy to those to whom her going will bring the greatest loss and deepest sorrow.

Whereas, The death of our friend is deeply felt by those who knew her, be it

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family, published in The Wellesley Magazine, and recorded in the books of the Society.

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Edna Seward.
Helen Davis.
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